

A Bat in a Tomb.  
A queer story is told of a naturalist who died in 1860 and was buried at Blankney, in Lincolnshire. Among his pets was a large gray bat.  
This bat was permitted to enter the tomb and was sealed up alive with the corpse of his dead master. In 1860 the vault was opened, and to the surprise of all the bat was alive and fat.  
On four different occasions since the relatives of the dead man have looked after the welfare of his pet, and each time it has been reported that the bat was still in the land of the living, although occupying quarters with the dead. It was last seen in 1892.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Should Not Have Been Caught.  
Mrs. Gayspouse (engaging new agent)—I am very particular about the conduct of my domestics. I should like to charge my last girl because I caught her winking at my husband.  
Agent—Quite right, madam. A girl as careless as that ought to be discharged.—*New York Herald.*

Professor Bailey of Ithaca has succeeded in grafting tomato on potato vines. In this case the tomatoes grow to full size, but the potatoes remain small.

AROUSE TO ACTION  
A dormant liver, or you will suffer all the ills incident to a prolonged bilious attack. Constipation, headache, dyspepsia, indigestion, sour breath, pain in the right side, will diminish you of rest. Discontinue the recalcitrant organ at once with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and expect prompt relief. Malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaint, nervousness and debility are thoroughly removed by the Bitters.

Police Justice—Why did you turn in the alarm for police? Were you frightened? Servant—No, sir, but the folks was away from home, sir, and I were lonely like.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED  
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars. J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 70c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CHEAP IRRIGATION.  
The Hercules Gas Engine Works of San Francisco, Cal., the largest builders of gas, gasoline and oil engines on the Coast, are making extensive preparations for the season's business.  
They are filling several orders for large irrigating plants and as this line of their business increases each season, it is safe to say the farmers throughout the State are appreciating the advantages of irrigation with water pumped by this cheap power.  
The Hercules Works are at present building an 80 H. P. engine for Geo. F. Packer, Colusa, which will raise 6000 gallons per minute from the river and distribute it over his land. This will be the largest gasoline pumping plant in existence.

I know that my life was saved by Pisco's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, An Sahle, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

"Papa, what is deduction?" "It's that form of mathematics, my boy, which takes nothing from nothing and obtains a stupendous result."

## GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI.

The Ways of the Two Great Premiers Were Curiously Unlike.

I heard nearly all the great speeches made by both the men in that parliamentary duel, which lasted for so many years. My own observation and judgment gave me the superiority to Mr. Gladstone all through, but I quite admit that Disraeli stood up well to his great opponent and that it was not always easy to award the prize of victory. The two men's voices were curiously unlike. Disraeli had a deep, low, powerful voice, heard everywhere throughout the house, but having little variety or music in it. Gladstone's voice was tuned to a higher note, was penetrating, resonant, liquid and full of an exquisite modulation and music which gave new shades of meaning to every emphasized word. The ways of the two men were in almost every respect curiously unlike. Gladstone was always eager for conversation. He loved to talk to anybody about anything. Disraeli, even among his most intimate friends, was given to frequent fits of absolute and apparently gloomy silence.

Gladstone, after his earlier parliamentary days, became almost entirely indifferent to dress. Disraeli always turned out in the newest fashion, and down to his latest years went in the get-up of a young man about town. Not less different were the characters and temperaments of the two men. Gladstone changed his political opinions many times during his long parliamentary career, but he changed his opinions only in deference to the force of a growing conviction and to the recognition of facts and conditions which he could no longer conscientiously dispute. Nobody probably ever knew what Mr. Disraeli's real opinions were upon any political question or whether he had any real opinions at all. Gladstone began as a Tory and gradually became changed into a Radical. Disraeli began as an extreme Radical under the patronage of Daniel O'Connell and changed into a Tory. But everybody knew that Gladstone was at first a sincere Tory and at last a sincere Radical. Nobody knew, or, indeed, cared, whether Disraeli ever was either a sincere Radical or a sincere Tory.—*Justin McCarthy in Outlook.*

What He Couldn't Do.  
A student in one of the Buffalo medical colleges is responsible for the statement that at a certain place of public entertainment one of the boys was bragging of his manifold accomplishments until one of the company lost patience and said in a gruff tone: "Now, we've heard enough about what you can do. Come, tell us what there is you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself."  
"Well," replied the student, with a yawn, "I can't pay my account here."  
And the critic paid the score amid roars of laughter from the party.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

It Was Needed.  
"Our church tower goes nearer heaven than the tower of any other church in town," proudly remarked a resident in an interior town to a visitor from the city.  
"Well," replied the latter, "I don't know any church that needs it more."  
—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*



## PRIVATE GREEN.

OF the eighteen recruits who came out to the Fourth Cavalry once upon a time as it was stationed at Fort Bascom, was Private James Green, who was assigned to Company B. From the first hour he came among us we realized that he was of good birth, well educated, and that he had enlisted in order to disappear from the world for a time. There are plenty of such cases, and they excite no particular interest or remark. Unless a soldier wishes to talk of his past he is seldom questioned by his comrades. If a recruit is set down as a gentleman the inference is that family troubles or some wild adventure was the cause of his enlistment, and the matter is never referred to unless he makes an enemy among his comrades. It was the misfortune of Company B to have a captain who was hated by his men and not well liked by the officers of the regiment. But for the fact that he was



PRIVATE GREEN KNOWS THE CAPTAIN DOWN.

a blood relation of the Colonel's, his position would have been made so uncomfortable in one way and another that he would have been forced to resign.  
He not only drank too much to keep his dignity and maintain the respect due an officer, but was fault-finding and quarrelsome, and was given to meddling with petty affairs which were none of his business. Captain Bowers' excuse for "getting down" on Private Green was that the recruit was impudent and arrogant. When this was sifted down it was found that he had questioned the soldier regarding his past life and the reasons which had induced him to enlist, and this curiosity had been by no means satisfied. He may have been a little stiff in his remarks, as was his right under the circumstances, but his refusal to unbutton himself made the captain his enemy, and for months he was a persecuted man. Few officers descend from their pedestal to "bang" an enlisted man, but Capt. Bowers did it to his own shame and to the scandal of the post. That he was an enemy of Private Green made all the sergeants and corporals down on the man, and as a consequence he put in more days in the guardhouse than in his barracks. It was the general belief that the recruit was trying his best, and that he was by no means given a fair show. Capt. Bowers knew that this was the feeling, but that only made him the more persistent in his course.

After three or four months something happened which should have made the captain change his program and feel that he owed Private Green a debt of gratitude. Companies B and D were scouting along the eastern edge of the great Staked Plains of Texas in search of Indians, with whom we were then at war. At noon one day the two companies separated to beat up both sides of a ridge, and after a mile or so the B men were suddenly charged by about 100 Indians who had been concealed by a fringe of bushes. The troops were taken by surprise, but made a good fight of it, and after ten minutes beat off their assailants. In their first rush the Indians surrounded Capt. Bowers, who was a few yards ahead of his company, and they sought to make him captive instead of killing him. But for the action of Private Green, who dashed forward to the help of his officer while all others were confused for the moment, the Captain would have been taken.

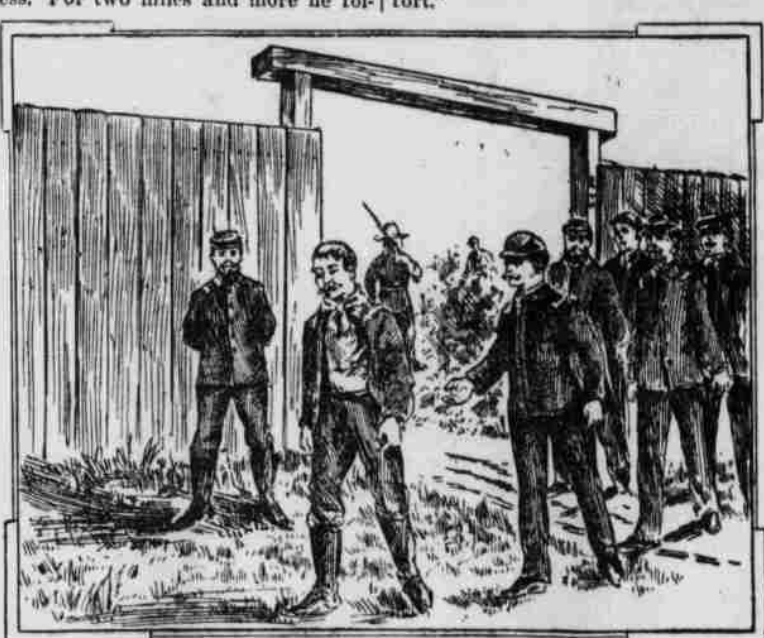
It went down in the military reports that the new man killed three redskins with his own hand, and all his comrades declared that he saved the leader of the troop. For the next two or three weeks there was a cessation of the nagging, but the fact that he owed his life to the man he had persecuted and that he owed Private Green a debt of gratitude. Companies B and D were scouting along the eastern edge of the great Staked Plains of Texas in search of Indians, with whom we were then at war. At noon one day the two companies separated to beat up both sides of a ridge, and after a mile or so the B men were suddenly charged by about 100 Indians who had been concealed by a fringe of bushes. The troops were taken by surprise, but made a good fight of it, and after ten minutes beat off their assailants. In their first rush the Indians surrounded Capt. Bowers, who was a few yards ahead of his company, and they sought to make him captive instead of killing him. But for the action of Private Green, who dashed forward to the help of his officer while all others were confused for the moment, the Captain would have been taken.

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back. After a while, however, the thought of bloodshed left him, and he smiled grimly as he got a new plan. The sun was almost down as he roused up and said:  
"We must be moving—follow me."  
"Which way?" asked the officer.  
The recruit headed for the west, out upon the open desert, without a reply, and the Captain followed him in a dazed and wondering way. The sun went down and they toiled on. Darkness came, and yet they walked. At first the Captain knew that they were going west. When darkness came he lost his bearings, just as the soldier had planned he should. By and by the two were walking around in a circle, each plodding along with his head down, and neither asking nor answering questions. Of a sudden the recruit disappeared. The officer peered through the darkness, but could catch no sign of human form. He stopped and listened, but no footfall reached him. He had been nervous and apprehensive before, now he was suddenly almost terror-stricken. He was miles and miles from the fort—miles and miles out upon the lonely desert. A dozen times he tried to brace up and fight away the feeling of helplessness, but it was too strong to be shaken off. He should have sat down to wait for daylight, but his fears kept him moving.

"You—Is it you, Green?" exclaimed Capt. Bowers, as he sprang to his feet. The other stood with folded arms and made no reply. It was Private Green, the deserter, a month ago. His uniform was torn and stained, and he had a haggard, wolfish look. He had not been hiding among the hills where the soldiers had looked for him, but out among the sand ridges, where his only living companions were serpents and lizards. He had been driven there by the persecution of the officer who stood before him. The officer knew it as well as he, and he drew his pistol to defend himself from attack. It was two or three minutes before another word passed. Then the Captain said:  
"Green, this is bad business. We ran into an ambush, and the company must have been badly cut up. It has been driven back to the fort, and I am alone, as you see. I am going to try and make my way in."

"You cannot do it," was the reply. "Within an hour the Indians will be looking for you. They would be upon you before you were clear of the desert."  
"But what shall I do?"  
"Come with me."  
Private Green strode away to the west and the Captain followed him. It seemed strange that he should do so, but the sudden surprise of the ambush, the mad run of his horse and his finding of the deserter in such an unexpected place all combined to cool his spirit and bring a feeling of helplessness. For two miles and more he followed.



THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN BOWERS.

lowed in the other's footsteps, neither speaking a word. Then they crossed a sand ridge which was higher than the average and descended to a natural sink of about half an acre in extent. In the center of this sink was a puddle of water—such water as a thirsty horse would hardly have touched with his nose a second time. In the breast of the sand ridge was a shallow cave—the home of the deserter.  
"Is this—this where you have been hiding?" asked the officer as he looked about him.  
"For the last ten days—yes," answered Private Green. "Make yourself at home. You will have to wait here until the Indians clear out."

That was the water the soldier had used to quench his thirst—the shallow cave his shelter from the sun and the night. There was no fire, no food. He must have had food to live, but he must have been compelled to eat it raw. No wonder he looked pinched and haggard and wolfish. He flung himself down on the sands and turned away from the officer. Had the deserter been armed the officer would have feared an attack. While he did not fear that, the man's singular demeanor bred apprehension.  
He had been driven to desert—to become a wanderer on the face of the desert—to hunger and thirst and feel that his life was in peril every hour. Capt. Bowers' thoughts were anything but pleasant as he sat in the shelter and looked up upon the recruit who had the outspoken sympathy of four-fifths of the garrison. An hour passed away. Then the officer said:  
"Green, I've been thinking we were too hard on you, and I am free to say I am sorry for it. If you'll go back to the fort with me things shall be different."

The man stretched on the sands made no reply. He knew enough of military discipline to know that a court-martial would be upon him for striking his superior officer and deserting. They must find him guilty and pass sentence, no matter how well disposed. He had stood all he could, and on the night of his desertion he had sworn a solemn oath to have revenge upon his captain before he died. Chance had thrown the officer into his hands. As he lay there he was planning murder. He meant to get up by and by and spring upon the Captain, no matter about the pistol. Reduced in strength as he was for the want of proper food, the thought of his wrongs nerved him up and he felt more than a match for the man at his back.

Supplying All Wants.  
The Peddler—I have the most excellent silver polish.  
The Lady of the House—Don't need it. I haven't got any silver.  
"Well, then, it will take some time out of wall paper."  
"Haven't got any wall paper."  
"Then it will renew the curl in feathers."  
"Haven't got any feathers."  
"Well, then, it will make oil paintings look like new."  
"Haven't got any oil paintings."  
"Well, then, a little taken internally will make you feel as if you had some of those things. Good day."—*London Answers.*

Disappointment Qualified.  
Lady—I was awfully sorry, professor, I was unable to come to your lecture last night. Were there many there?  
The Professor ( Irish)—Um—well—not so many as I expected. But I never thought there would be.—*London Punch.*

Angeworms can be obtained anywhere by wetting the ground with a solution of blue vitriol or with soap suds, which will bring them out in surprising numbers.

A medical authority states that the voices of singers and actors can be much better preserved if used in theaters lighted by electricity rather than gas.

The best dancers are said to be the Americans and Russians. French and Italians, however, posture better.

Ing. He called for Private Green—he shouted and shrieked his name a hundred times—but there was no answer. When he had grown so hoarse that his voice could no longer be heard he began running, and he grew yet more fearful.  
He was not afraid of the soldier—not afraid of the serpents and lizards—he did not fear the darkness. He was afraid of himself. Until midnight he ran and walked by turns, always hoping that every darker shadow was the form of the man he had driven to desertion, but ever disappointed. At length he fell down from exhaustion, and daylight found him groveling in the sand and a human figure seated beside him. When the sun came up Private Green reached out his hand and quietly said:  
"Come, Captain; we are going to the fort."

The officer looked up and smiled vacantly and talked to himself in whispers. Next day at noon he entered the post alone, but the sentinel at the gate caught sight of another figure down in the bushes and knew that the officer and deserter had met.  
"Here is Capt. Bowers," was shouted by a score of privates and officers as the man stood at the gate and stared stupidly around him.  
They pressed forward to shake the officer by the hand and question him about his adventure, but he drew away and cast his eyes down and muttered and smiled. He no longer had a mind, and Private James Green was revenged. Months afterward the Captain got about again, but he was so "queer" that his resignation was handed in and accepted, and he drifted no one knew whither.—*C. B. Lewis, in the St. Louis Republic.*

Victims of Science.  
"We have so many in the family that there's really no privacy for a girl who is just engaged."  
"What do you do?"  
"Well, we're been going up on the roof and sitting together on a little settee with our backs to the big chimney. But we can't sit there any more."  
"Why not?"  
"Well, a man came to George yesterday and offered him a photograph. George looked at it and almost fell off his chair. It was a picture of us on the roof. George had his arm around me, and I had my arm around George. How much?" said George. "Ten dollars," said the man. "The only one, man?" said George. "Only one," said the man. George paid the ten. "Now," he said, "just tell me how in the world you managed to get that photograph? What do you think the witch said?"  
"Well, what?"  
"He said he was the man who sent up balloons with cameras attached!"—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

New Uses for Glass.  
Attention was recently called to the proposed use of glass brick in building. It is now said that the Government of Switzerland has approved the use of glass for making weights to be employed with balance-scales. A peculiarly tough kind of glass is to be selected for this purpose. From England comes the suggestion that glass would be a better and more lasting material than stone for making monuments which are exposed to the wearing action of the weather.

CAN'T HELP TELLING.  
No village so small.  
No city so large.  
From the Atlantic to the Pacific, names known for all that is truthful, all that is reliable, are attached to the most thankful letters.  
They come to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and tell the one story of physical salvation gained through the aid of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.  
The horrors born of displacement or ulceration of the womb:  
Backache, bearing-down, dizziness, fear of coming calamity, distrust of best friends.  
All, all—sorrows and sufferings of the past. The famed "Vegetable Compound" bearing the illustrious name Pinkham, has brought them out of the valley of suffering to that of happiness and usefulness.  
In one advertisement alone we recently published thirty testimonials from women in one small town who had regained health through its use.

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## AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA" AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" AS OUR TRADE MARK.  
I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought. It has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.  
March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.  
Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies in it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.  
"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
Insist on Having  
The Kind That Never Failed You.  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Walter Baker & Co.'s  
**BREAKFAST COCOA**  
Absolutely Pure—Delicious—Nutritious.  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup.  
Be sure that you get the genuine article, made at  
DORCHESTER, MASS.  
By...  
WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

**Power for Profit**  
Power that will save you money and make you money. Hercules Engines are the cheapest power known. Burn Gasoline or Distillate Oil; no smoke, fire, or dirt. For pumping, running dairy or farm machinery, they have a equal. Automatic in action, perfectly safe and reliable.  
Send for illustrated catalog.  
Hercules Special  
(25 Actual Horse Power)  
Price only \$185.  
**Hercules Gas Engine Works,**  
221 Bay St., San Francisco, Cal.

## PRINTERS' - SUPPLY - HOUSE.

AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS CO., Prop's,  
(PALMER & REY BRANCH.)  
405-407 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal

**\$1000.00**

Who will get it?

Schilling's Best tea is not only pure but it is—because it is fresh-roasted.

What is the missing word?

Get Schilling's Best tea at your grocer's; take out the Yellow Ticket (there is one in every package); send it with your guess to address below before August 31st.

One word allowed for every yellow ticket.

If only one person finds the word, he gets one thousand dollars. If several find it, the money will be divided equally among them.

Every one sending a yellow ticket will get a set of cardboard creeping babies at the end of the contest. Those sending three or more in one envelope will receive a charming 1898 calendar, no advertisement on it.

Besides this thousand dollars, we will pay \$50 each to the two persons who send in the largest number of yellow tickets in one envelope between June 15 and the end of the contest—August 31st.

Cut this out. You won't see it again for two weeks.

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